

Wu "Duck Seazon"

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Intro: Raekwon the Chef

Scrape y'all motherfuckers, this is my word

When you see us -- when you see us flashing and
shining

and building, and adding on, y'all niggaz just watch

Hear me? Only ones who we got respect for

is them niggaz that we say peace to

Hear me? Pay attention, put your shoes on

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

Yo, my team be bellyaching hungry niggaz on the
swarm again

Pirahna nigga bite dick, yo Son, it's on again

What up, he made a move, try to assist it

Listen kid yo, you was born to be a pawn but I'm a
bishop

Back to the novel, yo Son, it's logical

How you figure God, what, float on the track, flip the
obstacle

Now my proposal rips the global

From California to courts, it's over God, so taste this
tofu

Remember, baggy jeans Timber-lands in November

Shorty called me Santa in December

But guess what, my Wally's got messed up

Autograph pressed up what, blast enough to blow your
rest up

We scrape that, Land O' Lake that, Mazola rapper get
you sent back

Represent the gentlemens who bent that

Flash medallions like Italians, la costra nostra

We moving through your hood like we supposed ta,
flexin

Lexy Diamonds close the settlement, so keep the bust-
ya-gun Boo

Like that bad ass bitch in Dead Presidents

Add on, the Billboard snored, check it now

You get the gold dick award, it's like jail and it's the
sixth floor

Test me, boating in the S.E., now let's see

Half of y'all niggaz built your rhyme from my stress
tree

Faggots, homos, yo, my flavor liver than a dobo

Stay militant kid, push it like bolo

You fucking idiot, playing with my Clan but you be
fearing it

Fake one, I'm guaranteed to make you take one

Please, y'all niggaz money's getting low

But could you come back doe, set up shop, and get the
phat glow

Tired of y'all, mostly inspired by y'all

So what the deal now, blinkin with us or put your shield
down, faggot

[Raekwon] [RZA]

You fuck around punk Bitch, fuckin punk niggaz

We battle for cream nigga Seven-Fifteen, yo

Verse Two: RZA

You want a pound crab, nah let his hand swing

I ought to punch a hole in his palm with these pointy ass
rings

No more said, knew your chump ass was dead

When I saw the four-four reflecting off your shiny
forehead

It's Wu-Tang nigga, ain't nuttin changed nigga

Still shame on a nigga, who tried to run game

You're version of perversion, fucking bitches on
Persian rugs

Washin niggaz like detergent, it's the surgeon

Slugs propels from Bobby Steels twelve gauge front
page Early Chronicle reads

Hell Up in Gotham, take heed and protect your seeds

We fall like autumn leaves, you lack tranquility

in your rap utilities, to fuck with the abilities

Raised like a sperm cell to the ovary

Microphone post tone like a rotary phone, ancient
poems of poetry

Old tomes, explosive head bullets, black hooded

Timberland footed ninjas, with full metal jacket clips

And know how to put it in you

Surrender your goods and your merchandise

For no purchase price, I'm certainly a heist

for your ices curtains and vice

Come quietly, Wu-Tang Clan rules society

Because of variety, so maintain your high anxiety

And lead them to the fiery diary, irie... we irie

I need eighteen points for my next joint, this high
annointed king

To make a deal, I be the one to appoint

Steve Rifkind must have been sniffin, to catch somethin
so dope

That left Monika Linz pussy drippin

I fuck hundreds of bitches, and spent millions of
dollars

and built with thousands of scholars, my life saga

From the hill to horror, legal came brown like
Nicaragua

Gave birth to MC's, thieves and bank robbers

We drove expensive whips and took world-wide trips

And my dick's been sucked by the finest lips

Fancy delicatessans, and the world's best refreshment

But none of the above compare to the one-twenty
lessons

Or my queen and my seed, in the home that I rest in

Into my zone get blown in ninety-nine sections

Verse Three: Method Man

This rhyme has no limitations, this time there's no
hesitation

Collectin mines at the door

You want it niggaz it's yours, the flavor's raw

What the fuck you think I'm flowin for, it's rhyme and
reason

Bite the bullet, niggaz is fowl and it's Duck Season

We at odds til we even motherfucker

Bad asses, high time, lower classes

Taste mine, straight shots in dirty glasses

Bring it to him, room service, under pressure

and mad nervous, waving guns at the clergy

Ticallion, we ain't worried, keep them sick niggaz
seven-thirty

Picture this, watch the birdy

These Bastards is Ol and Dirty, with sharp hems

that be stabbin you, pins and needles, needles and
pins

Nuff said, dick in your mouth, like Tempest Bled

As I race track with thoroughbreds, duckin the feds

Verse Four: Raekwon the Chef

Yo, my ice look fly up on the keyboard Son

Niggaz ran up on me Lord, praisin what we do, by the
laws

That's right, exile the fake, hit them niggaz like weight

Feed a fool, let the fake evaporate

Reconstruction, that's the whole science on my

production, y'all niggaz guess who stuck Son, left his
nuts sunk

Switch, finger itch, starin at you like a bitch

Maybe y'all niggaz snitched

Youse a loner, Adidas shell-top with lye

sip of Corona, read the rev report then bone her

Buy you some jewels, here's some food

Not necessarily, mean to be rude Boo, check out the analoo

We in the mushrooms, taste of Heineken accustomed

Baggy jeans, thick ropes God, sliding through customs

Chill, y'all niggaz know what time it is

James Bond Beamers behind me, on Bacardi Limon

Check out the pitch like Nolan Ryan, he cought a slug
for lyin

Yeah you was lyin, where's the cash, crying

Militia, rolling in position, Casa Blanca Cuban Link
Christian

Lex retally back, whistlin, fake fucks...

sounds of swords clashing, and fighting

How dare you rebuild the Wu-Tang Clan against me?

For that you're gonna DIE!

I may not be the one to stop you, but somebody will
very soon

Also, the Wu-Tang Clan, will rise again

There are many of us, all working for the good of the
Wu-Tang

DIE

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